



The bodies are lying under my window!! Oil, soft pastels on canvas. 2024.

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Artist: Sofya Beloded

Piecing together fragments of objects and thoughts, dissecting them first, cutting away the excess so everything fits. It conforms to a size far beyond a suitcase, yet I still hope that when removed from the stretcher, the canvas will fit into the luggage for transport. Everything overlays in these repeated attempts—so many times that I lose count—leaving behind holes and circles that offer glimpses of what once existed before decisions were made hastily in the stillness of midnight, during the naïve pursuit of expressionism. The objects left behind peer back at me through the gaps, their gazes confrontational. Their sight is obstructed and likely blurred, yet still present, woven into the dimensionality of perspective, its wreckage, and the variety of strokes. Compiled from National Geographic photos found on archive.org, countless portraits of “always yours,” and the walls of Istanbul adorned with controversial oppositional graffiti, *The bodies are lying under my window!!* reflects the interconnectedness of past and present, the diminished significance of distances and cultural differences in an age of rapid globalization and immediate exchange of information.